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Mr. GARRICK.

AS ABEL DRUGGER.

Engraved from an original drawing by T. Wright.

Published 1811 by Simpkin & Marshall, Stationers Ct. & Chapple Pall Mall.

THE TOBACCONIST;

A FARCE;

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON,

By Francis Gentleman.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MA

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTION

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN,
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREE
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1821.

he Press of Oxberry and Co.
, White-Hart Yard.

Remarks.

THE TOBACCONIST.

This farce is an alteration of Ben Jonson's Alchymist; but it bears about as close a resemblance to that beautiful play as a dry and withered stick does to the oak from which it was originally cut. The relationship in either case cannot be denied, though all the exterior signs of it have been utterly annihilated.—"Quantum mutatus ab illo."

The alterations have been made with very little regard either to the language or character of the original. There may be some excuse for translating Ben Jonson's ancient verse into the prose of modern times, inasmuch as prose is the peculiar language of farce, and if a fine comedy must of necessity be cut down into an after-piece, such a change was requisite—but what apology is there for the additions not being in the style of the old play. The patch-work is incongruous and monstrous, and is moreover as little in keeping with the characters as with the phraseology of the original. The injury that has been done to Ben Jonson's masterpiece can only be understood by a comparison of the two works; all the nicer traits of character, the admirable gradations of the plot, have utterly evaporated in the alembic of the modern, and left only a dull residium—coarse, tasteless, and valueless.

The character of Abel Drugger, which is here made the principal feature of the piece, is with Ben Jonson nothing more than a shadow, that throws out more distinctly the figures of Face and Subtle, and in proportion as he is brought forward, the others suffer in interest and reality. The very design of the play is turned topsy-turvy; it is as if life should begin with old age, and end with childhood. The object of *the old poet* was to mock the prejudices of his age, while *purpose of* the modern author is only to raise laughter by

abroad to Germany, where, for a time, they deceived the Emperor Rodolph. Dee fled in time to escape punishment, while Kelly, more impudent, or less cunning, remained behind till the bubble burst, and the Emperor found out the fraud; the Alchymist was thrown into prison, whence he endeavoured to escape, but broke his leg in the attempt, and died a wretched death in consequence. Doll has some traits in common with a young Pole named Laski, who was the friend and partner of their exploits, and who, indeed, played a conspicuous part in all their mummeries.

Abel Drugger is a character of a more general cast; with a few variations, and those chiefly of outward costume, his prototype might be found in the present day. The object of pursuit would perhaps be different, but the mind would be essentially the same. It would have been better for the general fame of Jonson if he had many such portraits from real life, but he was at all times, more the painter of habits than of men, of follies than of passions.

Francis Gentleman was born in York-street, Dublin, the 23d of October, 1728, and received his education in that city, where he was schoolfellow with the late Mr. Mossop, the tragedian. At the age of fifteen, he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the same regiment wherein his father was major; but making an exchange to a new-raised company, he was dismissed the service by his regiment being reduced at the conclusion of the war in 1748. On this event he indulged his inclination for the stage, and accordingly appeared at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in the character of Aboan, in the play of Oroonoko. Notwithstanding an unconsequential figure and uncommon timidity, he says, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; but having some property, and hearing that a legacy had been left

him by a relation, he determined to come to London, where, it appears, he dissipated the little fortune he possessed. He was then engaged to perform at the theatre in Bath, and remained there some time. From thence he went to Edinburgh, and afterwards belonged to several companies of actors, at Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and other places. Growing tired of a public life, he settled at Malton, a market-town about twenty miles from York, where he married, and had some expectation of being provided for by the Marquis of Granby, to whom he was recommended by a gentleman who had known his father. With this hope he removed to London; but soon had the mortification to find all his prospects clouded by the sudden death of his patron. In 1770 he performed at the Hay-market, under the management of Mr. Foote, and continued with him three seasons; when he was discharged, "at a time of peculiar embarrassment to the manager." Mr. Gentleman afterwards returned to Ireland, where he died on the 21st of December, 1784, in George Lane, Dublin. Speaking of himself as an author, he says, "I heartily wish I had been fated to use an awl and end, sooner than the pen; for nothing but a pensioned defender of government, a sycophant to managers, or a slave to booksellers, can do any thing more than crawl."

He is author of—*Sejanus*, T. 8vo. 1751.—*Oroonoko*, T. Altered. 12mo. 1760.—*The Stratford Jubilee*, C. 8vo. 1769.—*The Sultan; or, Love and Fame*, T. 8vo. 1770.—*The Tobacconist*, C. 8vo. 1771.—*Cupid's Revenge*, Past. 8vo. 1772.—*The Pantheonites*, D. E. 8vo. 1773.—*The Modish Wife*, C. 8vo. 1774.

He is also author of the following pieces, none of which have been published:—*Osman*, T. [About 1751.]—*Zaphira*, T. 1754.—*Richard II.* T. Altered. 1754.—*The Mentalist*, D. S. 1759.—*The Fairy Court*, Int. 1760.—*The Coxcombs*, F. 1771.—*Orpheus and Eurydice*, Ser. Op. 1783.

Whate'er of merit you perceive this night,
Grant your old bard as his undoubted right:
My brain has labour'd—feebly, I confess,
Only to furnish a more modern dress.
My weak endeavours let your candour raise,
They hope indulgence, though they reach not praise.

Costume.

ABEL DRUGGER.

A brown jacket and drab breeches, brown stockings, and green apron.

SUBTLE.

Black gown, velvet cap, belt, beard, &c.

FACE.

First dress.—Grey jacket, breeches and stockings.—Second dress.—Captain's uniform.

SIR E. MAMMON.

Rich old man's dress.

KNOWLIFE.

Fashionable riding dress.

HEADLONG.

Fashionable riding dress.

DOLL TRICKSEY.

Coloured linen Opera gown, red stuff petticoat, white apron, and mob cap with red ribbon.

MISS RANTIPOLE.

Morning dress.

	Hay-market.	*Drury Lane.*
Abel Drugger	Mr. Weston.	Mr. Kean.
Subtle	Mr. Gardner.	Mr. Gattie.
Face	Mr. Robson.	Mr. Wallack.
Sir Epicure Mammon	Mr. Gentleman.	Mr. Hughes.
Knowlife	Mr. Fearon.	Mr. Barnard.
Headlong	Mr. Vandermere.	Mr. Oxberry.
Miss Rantipole	Mrs. Didier.	Miss Boyce.
Doll Tricksey	Mrs. Gardner.	Mrs. Harlowe.

MARSHALL, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street, to whom all communications, post-paid, are requested to be addressed, and C. CHAPPLE, 59, Pall-Mall.

No. XIV.—*PRICE ONE SHILLING,*

Of a Work, to appear in numbers Monthly, called

FLOWERS OF LITERATURE;

OR, THE

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE.

EDITED

By WILLIAM OXBERRY, Comedian.

——"An Olio,
"Compiled from quarto and from folio;
"From pamphlet, newspaper, and book.

THE object of this Work is to collect, in a narrow compass, and at a moderate expense, the lighter and more entertaining parts of literature. Every reader, who has the experience of a few years only, must recollect how much of his time has been wasted in unprofitable toil when he only sought amusement, in wading through volumes to be at last rewarded by a solitary gem, the value of which has been diminished to nothing by the labour of the acquisition. The essence of most volumes might be contained in a nut shell, while the huge cap that covers them might make an helmet for Goliah. To a hard-headed phlegmatic reader all this is nothing; he travels you through a quarto, much as a hack horse goes over his beaten road! but to the light-hearted, volatile reader, with whom literature is a luxury, who sips up a volume as he sips up his coffee, and is obliged carefully to double down the resting leaf, that he may be sure not to read the same page twice over, all this is a most serious grievance; to him therefore, we venture to say, that the *Flowers of Literature* will prove a pleasant companion, and one whose monthly visitation will be as welcome to him as if it brought May-day along with it. He will find in it what he most desires, amusement without toil, and will travel over the world of literature, as the reader of Cooke's Voyages makes a girdle round the globe while sitting in his elbow chair. That our little volume is neither over wise nor learned, is precisely its greatest merit. There are hours in which even gravity is glad to relax, and our book *pretends only to fill* up such hours, when the brain is weary, *the temper is clouded*, and the head would ache at the *idea of encountering* a solid quarto. Who, however

and these are saving times,—he will have reason to rejoice at the cheapness of this publication, which makes as moderate a demand on his purse as it does upon his patience. The work will appear in monthly numbers, at the moderate price of *One Shilling* each, and six of such numbers will form a volume, to be ornamented with an elegant Engraving, illustrative of its most interesting subject. A new type is cast expressly for this work, which in form will be a fac-simile of *Oxberry's New English Drama;* it is calculated that each Number will contain nearly *Seventy* Pages, closely printed upon fine paper, hot pressed. The Original articles will be written by gentlemen of acknowledged literary talent; the Anecdotes will be collected from the wide circle of English French, and Italian literature; and the Editor presumes to hope that the work will in no instance belie the promises held out to the public in the prospectus.

The Sixth Number, which completes the First Volume contains a beautiful engraving of Mr. Kean, and the first part of his Memoirs, which are concluded in the Second Volume. In this biography will be found the only authentic account of the *Wolfe Club* and the dispute with *Mr. Bucke.*

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In the Press, and speedily will be Published, by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-court, Ludgate-street; and may be had of all Booksellers, a New Edition, being the Fifth, embellished with a Portrait of the Author, of

An APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF COLLEY CIBBER, *COMEDIAN;* containing an Historical View of the Stage in his *own time,* Biographical Sketches, and many curious Anecdotes *of the great* Actors with whom he was connected *Written by Himself,* and now enlarged with more than Two *hundred Explanatory* Notes, a Preface, and an Index,

THE TOBACCONIST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter SUBTLE, *followed by* FACE, L.H.

Sub. Nay, nay, though thy name be Face, and thou hadst a face of brass, thou shalt not out-face me.

Face. Then must I be unable to handle a most excellent subject; though shame and thee have long since parted, I will so anatomize that calf's head of thine.

Sub. Calf's head! Blood of my life, I have a mind to mark my resentment in such legible characters upon that Tyburn visage of thine, as will put thy features in mourning.

Face. Come on then, see whose stomach will bear bruising best; I'll tickle those pampered sides.

Sub. A poor, ignorant, impertinent, ungrateful wretch; whose life, to my disgrace be it spoken, I have saved—vile emblem of an empty cask, much sound, no contents—canst thou forget the mouldy crusts, Suffolk cheese, and dead small beer, on which thou wert starving, in common with bare-ribbed rats and limping mice?

Face. Mighty well, mighty well, master Subtle.

Sub. Have I not made thee an occasional captain? am I not filling thy pockets as well as thy belly? have I not taught thee, dull as thou art, to converse with and impose on various degrees of mankind? have I not, from the stupidest slave that ever marred common sense, sharpened thy wit,

Sub. Mighty fine!

Face. Remember St. Giles's, scape-grace, where I found thee a complete emblem of poverty, resembling the fruit of a gibbet seven years exposed to wind and weather, not a coat to thy back, a stocking to thy legs, nor a shoe to thy feet.

Sub. Very well; go on, sir.

Face. Did I not find thee, tatterdemalion, with a beard two inches long, not having wherewithal to pay a penny barber; furrowed brows, sunk eyes, and chattering teeth, crawling by the doors of cook-shops, to feed upon the steam of baked ox-heads and shins of beef?

Sub. Tremble, audacious villain, at thy insolence—fear my rage.

Face. Did I not put thee into some liking, snatch thee from Jane Shore's fate, and when thou hadst not as much linen about thee as would furnish a tinder-box, did I not, like a guardian genius, bring thee to this house?

Sub. Yes, thy master's house; which, like a hungry mastiff, thou was left to guard, and for a single bone would have let in any thief.

Face. Did I not enable thee to carry on the deceptions of alchymy, fortune-telling, and algebra; your minerals, your vegetals, and animals, to fleece the credulous vulgar? have not I provided you with conjurer's robes, stills, glasses, furnaces, coals, and all other materials, to carry on thy profitable farce? Answer me, knave, have I not done all this?

Sub. And answer me, miscreant, hast thou not thy share of the plunder? Sirrah, thou art as craving and unthankful as a bumbailiff.

Face. And thou, poltroon, as tricking as a Jewish stock-broker, or an Old Bailey solicitor.

Enter TRICKSY, L.H.

Trick. How now, my masters? *(In centre.)* What tantarumsare these, I trow? Why ye look as black at each other as a dark Christmas.

Sub. The dog is more hateful to me than cheese.

Face. And thou to me more detestable than the fulsome steam of a tallow-chandler's workshop.

Trick. For shame, talk not so loud, you will discover yourselves.

Face. I care not; welcome pillory or cart, so that varlet has his share.

Sub. Content, so thou art cropped or hanged first.

Trick. Hey-day, hey-day, if you are for that sport, have among ye; I must raise my voice too, then look to it; why, you couple of paltry, petulant knaves, can't we comfortably share gains, and be quiet?

Face. Why it is all his fault, Doll.

Sub. I deny it.

Trick. 'Tis both your faults, you tinder-tempered knaves; you sputter at one another, and yet have as little courage as honesty; I know your high words and big looks; you spend your lungs to bawl, and strain your limbs to stride, without any meaning.

Sub. Take breath, Doll—take breath.

Trick. Take breath! Ads my life, shake hands, live peaceably, and cheat industriously, or tremble at my vengeance; I'll expose ye—get a genteel reward for apprehending such notorious rogues.

Sub. Nay but, dear Doll—Doll, the soft—Doll, the gentle

Trick. No wheedling, Mr. Morose, but swear.

Sub. What wouldst thou have me to swear?

Trick. To leave idle disputation and high words for industry in promoting our common cause; this will best become you.

Sub. By my hopes, I meant no other; what I said was only to spur him up a little

Trick. Come, come, no more; we want no whipping nor spurring; take hands—no frowns, but cordiality; I proclaim a peace.

Sub. Which for thy sake, fair mediatrix, I will keep religiously.

Face. And I.

Trick. I'll have no Frenchified professions, fair faces, with designing hearts—for my sake! keep the compact for your own.

Face. Wench of spirit, we will; and, as a reward for thy pains, thou shalt be lady Face, or lady Subtle.

Trick. Marry, come up, I trow—a wonderful catch—suppose I should be neither, but of that hereafter—is it not near the hour when that prince of simplicity, my sweet swain, the tobacconist, is to be here?

Sub. It is. Face, be thou in the way, to meet and conduct him to an audience.

Face. Fear not; I'll play the gudgeon with an angler's skill. [*Exit*, R.H.

Sub. Why, Doll, thou hast almost as many admirers as Helen.

Trick. Admirers! if the frames were not gilded, the pictures would be intolerable; as for instance—Abel Drugger, whose formality of phiz, and shallowness of scull, might for a few visits make even melancholy smile; then that cumbersome repository of ill thoughts, Sir Epicure, who batters my ears with such pomposity of phrase, that I should always have a dictionary at hand to understand him; he is, for mouthing, the puff'd up crier of Cupid's court.

Sub. He is indeed a rich subject for imposition.—Good wench, thou art to us as a conjurer's show-cloth, to draw in the gaping crowd; most of the sheep are penned by thee, and we fleece them.

Trick. Yes, that you do pretty handsomely—but of all my numerous gallants, I am most troubled with Headlong, the betting, boxing blade; and often fancy I stand in danger of feeling personally, by way of joke, the dexterity of his fists.

Sub. Hush! I hear somebody coming—retire till occasion demands thy presence; and above all, remember the feigned madness I have taught thee for thy next interview with Sir Epicure—much depends on that.

Trick. Fear not—he shall think me fresh slipped from the region of Moorfields. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sub. Now for suitable importance of look, and essential *obscurity of phrase;* by which the prudent are sometimes, *and the foolish are always* taken in.

Re-enter FACE, *with* ABEL DRUGGER, R.H.

Face. There he is—the wonder of the world—past, present, and to come, are as familiar to him as thou art with thy own face; there's not a fixed planet, nor even a wandering star, beyond his knowledge. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Mayhap so—then he must have a power of acquaintances—I should not remember half of them. (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. You!—comparisons are—but mum—he turns upon us. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Sub. So, friend, thy name is Abel Drugger.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And thou art a vender of tobacco.

Drug. True, sir.

Sub. Free of the grocers.

Drug. Ay, an it please you.

Sub. Thou art lucky—a good star reigned at thy birth.

Face. Mind that, little Nab. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. I hope it was a north star—they say that's luckiest now.

Sub. Thou hast an illustrious set of features.

Drug. Yes, very lustrous—mother used to call me her bright baby Abel.

Sub. Well—now for business—what wouldst thou have with me?

Drug. This, an please your wise worship—I am a young beginner, and am building a new shop, if it likes your reverence—it is just at the corner of a street—here's the plot on't; and I would know, by art, sir, of your venerableship, which way I should make my door by necromancy, and where to place my boxes, where my shelves, and where my pots—I should be glad to thrive—I was wished(1) to you by Captain Face here, my very good friend, who says that you know men's planets, and their good angels, (2) and their bad.

Sub. He tells you a most solemn truth: I do know them.

Drug. I pray you, captain, speak for me to master Doctor; his wisdom hath taken both my courage and breath away. (Apart, to Face.)

(1) *Recommended.*

(2) *Subtle plays upon the word angel, which he takes for a coin, poor Abel for an attendant spirit.*

on a Wednesday.

Drug. Good now—by my truly, and so I was.

Face. Is not this astonishing? (*Apart, to Abel.*)

Sub. The thumb in chiromancy we give to Venus, the fore finger to Jove, the midst to Saturn, the ring to Sol, the least to Mercury.

(*While Subtle is examining Drugger's fingers, he steals off a ring.*)

Drug. Nay, an you give them all away, I shall have none for myself.

Face. Is not this strange? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Yes, truly, very strange. (*Missing his ring.*)

Sub. Now for attention—this is thy house.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And these are your two sides.

Drug. So they are indeed, sir.

Sub. Mark me then—make your door here in the south, your broad-side west, and to the east side of your shop write in fair golden letters these words, Mathlai, tarmael, baraborat.

Drug. Matlay, turnmill, boreabrat—what may that be in English, an it like your wise worship?

Face. Mum there; plain English would ruin all. (*Aside to Sub.*)

Sub. Upon the north side inscribe Thael, velil, thiel.

Drug. Rael, velil, thiel.

Sub. Those are the names of such mercurial spirits as fright flies from boxes, cobwebs from shelves, and vermin from thy cupboards.

(1) *Goldsmiths* formerly were not only bankers, but brokers and *money lenders.* Abel was a good "honest fellow," but no usurer.

Drug. I pray you, sir, write down these charms, for I have but a sieve-like memory—all runs through.

Sub. Fear not; I'll strengthen thy recollection, and give thee, for I like thy countenance, such other assistance as will make thee stand a fair chance to possess that source of bound less riches, the philosopher's stone.

Face. Hearest thou that, little Nab? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Ay, I do, good captain—what must I give the doctor? (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. Give him—consider thou art a made man—thou canst not possibly give less than—but hold, that you may try his wisdom a little closer, ask him about any particular circumstance that happened some time since—see if he can tell. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. I'll do't. (*Apart, to Face.*) With your worship's good favour, I would ask what happened to me, last Martinmass-day was twelvemonth, at night?

Sub. I see thou doubt'st my skill—but I'll indulge thee. Aries, Taurus, Virgo, Sagittarius, Capricornus, whisper in my ear the event I am questioned upon.

Drug. Are all these brother conjurers he's talking to? (*Apart, to Face.*)

Sub. Thou never wast at a tavern in thy life but on the evening thou hast mentioned.

Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.

Sub. There you were so sick—

Drug. What, can you tell that too?—Ay, we had been out shooting water-wagtails, and I had gotten a rare stomach—so eating a piece of fat ram mutton for supper, it lay heavy on my stomach, and my head did so ache,—

Face. And Nab having no head——

Drug. No, no head.

Sub. You were obliged to be carried home, where a good old woman——

Drug. Yes, faith, she cured me with sodden ale and pellitory o'th' wall—it cost me but two-pence.

Face. Wonderful cheap.

Drug. But I had another sickness, worse than the ram mutton.

Sub. That too I know; it was grief at being assessed eighteen pence for the water-works.

fortune, put the doctor off with a less fee than you must give for a pettyfogging lawyer's letter—oh! shame, shame! what gold hast thou about thee? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. A two guinea piece, which was left me by my grandmother; and I would fain leave it to my grandchild. (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. Pshaw, pshaw—give it to the doctor—nay, pause not, man—and the next visit make it ten—is it not a cheap purchase of ten times ten millions?—Mind that, Nab. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Well, friend captain, since you desire it—but sha'n't I ask him for any change? (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. Not for the world. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. (*Crosses to Sub.*) There then—so I thank your worship—I am your conjurership's humble servant—(*Crosses to* R.H.)—I had almost forgot—I would desire another favour of his worship.

Sub. What is that, my knight of the steady phiz?

Drug. That your doctorship will be so kind as to be so civil, to look over my almanack,(1) and cross out my ill days; that I may neither buy, nor sell, nor trust upon them.

Face. I promise this shall be done against the afternoon.

Sub. It shall—moreover, I will mark out a disposition of thy shelves, devise a sign, with other matters that may serve thee.

Face. Rejoice, Nab, thou art in high favour with the doctor.

Drug. I humbly thank your grace, and if your reverence

(1) *In the ancient* almanacks, the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

comes near Pye-corner, you shall be welcome to some of my best Oroonoko, Virginia, long-cut, short-cut, saffron, shag, or—your conjurership's most humble servant. [*Exit*, R.H.

Face. Ha, ha, ha! thus grist flows into our mill—what think you of this tame pigeon?

Sub. An excellent subject for imposition, and quite ripe for plucking; the stock is indebted to thee for bringing him to hand—at his next visit Doll, shall ply him on another side, in the character of a rich widow—I must in and prepare myself for Sir Epicure Mammon; do thou slip on the laboratory disguise, and watch his coming to the door.

[*Exeunt, Sub.* L.H. *Face*, R.H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON, R.H. *meeting* FACE, L.H. *dressed as a servant.*

Sir E. Well, my Zephyrus, do we succeed? Is our day come? Blushes the bolt's head?(1)

Face. Even with a virgin glow.

Sir E. Excellent; Now then, Lungs,(2) all my care must be where to get stuff enough for transmutation.

Face. Your worship must buy the metal covering from the roofs of churches.

Sir E. Thou say'st well; and instead thereof place thatch; thatch will sit lighter on their rafters. Well, after this day, all that art can frame, or luxury can desire, is mine; I'll have a seraglio, to put the grand signior's out of

(1) A long, strait-necked glass vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure.

(2) Lungs was a term of art, for the under operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire.

tune.—Where's thy master?

Face. Within, sir, at his prayers for the success of our great projection.

Sir E. Good soul, to pray so much, and toil so hard for my emolument. Thou, Lungs, when I have got thee into flesh a little, shalt be my kisler aga, the keeper of my wanton nymphs, more fair than those who tripped the Cyprian grove.

Face. Hold, sir, not a profane word—for see the pious doctor comes. [*Exit*, L.H.

Enter SUBTLE, L.H.

Sir E. Good morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow—but wherefore here so soon? I fear me you are covetous, and wish possession of the stone for carnal appetite; take heed you do not throw the near hand blessing from you with ungoverned haste; I should be sorry to see my labours, now on the point of perfection, not prosper where my honest love has placed them: as they have been meant for public good, for pious uses, and mere charity—shouldst thou pursue aught else, a curse will follow thy deceitful ways.

Sir E. I know it, venerable sir—you shall not need to fear me—I will be charity itself; there shall not be an empty stomach or a thread-bare coat in the nation; I will build churches, endow hospitals, and make lean curates plump as fat metropolitans; I will give such premiums for virtue, that vice shall be ashamed to show its face; all arts, all sciences, *shall thrive beneath* my smile, and every comfort of life

lie open to every hand; while temperance and doing good, to me, shall be the highest luxury.

Sub. Fairly spoken, if sincerity gives value to thy words.—Ulen,(1) look well to the register,(2) and let your heat lessen by degrees to the aludels.(3).

(*Calls off to Face, within*, L.H.

Face. I shall, sir.

Sub. Look on, and bring word of what complexion is glass B. (*To Face.*)—Son of my care, thy happiness approaches. (*To Sir Epicure.*) How now, what colour says it?

(*To Face.*)

Re-enter FACE, L.H.

Face. The ground black, sir.

Sir E. That's your crow's head.

Sub. Be not too forward, son—the process then was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, sir; the retort broke, and what was saved was put into the pellicane, and sealed with Hermes' seal.(4)

Sub. I think 'twas so; we should now have fresh amalgama; but I care not; let him e'en die.

Face. Our knight must have the other squeeze. (*Aside, to Sub.*) I would not you should let any die now, if I might counsel, sir, for luck's sake to the rest.

Sir E. Lungs, thou art right; now our harvest is at hand, why should it want the ripening?

Face. Nay, I know it, sir; I have seen the ill fortune;—what are some six ounces of fresh materials?

Sir E. What no more? a very trifle—good sir, what shall I give him? (*Apart to Subtle.*)

(1) The allusion is to Ulen Spiegal, the hero of a German jest book, which was very popular, and translated into French and English, at a very early period. His name, however, elegantly translated by our ancestors, into Howleyglass, was familiarly used by them for a witty knave, a trickster.

(2) So they call the iron plate or slider, which on being pushed forward increases the heat of the fire in small chimnies, by accelerating the current of air.

(3) Subliming pots, without bottoms, fitted into each other without luting.

(4) A vessel is said to be hermetically sealed, when it is closed in *such a manner, that* the most subtle spirit cannot transpire. This *effected by heating* the neck in the fire and then twisting it.

the sunshine of her eye?—here's money for the pains thou tak'st to serve me. (*Gives Face money.*)

Face. I am your slave—I'll send her to your wish.

[*Exit*, L.H.

Sir E. Sure every smiling planet reigned at thy birth, Sir Epicure, to mark thee out the eldest favourite of fortune: —but she comes.

Enter TRICKSY, L.H.

Allow me, madam, to offer up my vows with rapture at the shrine of your charms.

Trick. The vows of men, Sir Epicure, are false.

Sir E. Mine fair dame, as true as alchymy, and rich as the philosopher's stone, which I am shortly to possess: suffer this ring to sparkle with added lustre upon that finger, whose delicate proportion not Phidias nor Praxiteles, were they alive again, with art sculptorian could describe.

Trick. Your praise and favour, sir, speak warmly to my heart.

Sir E. Soon shall they glow upon thee with the fervour of an Æthiopian sun; to-morrow will purchase the monarchy of this nether globe, and make thee, my second Venus, queen on't. Now let a touch of those soft lips confirm our contract.

Trick. Avaunt, ambassador of sin, and touch me not—emblem of vice, I've found thee.

Sir E. Found me; I didn't know that I was lost.

Trick. Thy eyes are blind, thy tongue licentious, thy *limbs disordered.*

Sir E. How she stares! (*Aside.*)

Trick. Thou walking volcano, thou embodied fever, go

lay thee in the winter's frozen lap, and let him weep snow on thee to allay thy raging heat.

Sir E. Mad as a March hare—would I were out of the house. (*Aside.*)

Trick. Thy cousins, Etna and Vesuvius, vomit not combustibles more destructive than are winged on thy infectious breath—come, if thou hast courage, I'll lead the way from off this sky-crowned rock, and headlong plunge into yon roaring deep—thou tremblest—guilt makes a coward of thee, and thou must remain a prey to self-consuming flames; while white-winged doves wait to bear me to the fields of bliss, where such as thou can never, never, never come.

Re-enter FACE, L.H.

Face. What's the matter? How did you work her to this?

Sir E. Nay, I know not, Lungs, unless by asking a civil salute.

Face. Ah, there it is—knew you not her tender brain? once hurt by love and matchless modesty, dear good lady.

Sir E. Right Lungs; coax her, Lungs.

Trick. Nay, shepherds, cease your melting strains, they are all in vain—I have no heart to give—'twas stolen long since—what, do you alter notes and looks so soon?—worse than the raven's discord—black as the brow of night; oh, you can quickly change—but I defy you all—for at my beck ten thousand spirits wait, to whom this nether globe, with all its load of sins, would be but a sportive toy, to bandy through unbounded regions of the trackless air.

Face. It is all over, we shall never lay her now; and, if the old man should hear her, we should be all undone—hark, was not that his footstep?—Move off, Doll.

(*Aside, to Trick.*)

Trick. The shade of Yarico has sent a card, and would attend my rout this night—will ye join this insubstantial meeting of visitants from the other world? Man of flesh, thou art too gross; throw off mortality, and take a frisk amongst us. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sub. (*Within*, L.H.) What profane noise is here?

Face. He comes. [*Exeunt*, L.H.

works gone back—this will retard our happy views a month at least, if not— (*A loud crack and noise from* L.H.)

Sir E. Mercy on us! what dreadful noise is that?

Re-enter FACE, L.H.S.E.

Face. Oh, sir, we are all defeated, all the works are flown in fumo. [*Exit Subtle*, L.H.U.E.

Sir E. Oh, Lungs! what nothing saved?

Face. I fear nothing worth mention; yet the doctor, good soul, is gone to see—charity—charity, he says, may work a wonderful effect.

Sir E. I will do any thing—I will do all.

Face. Well, sir, for the present, suppose you bring one hundred to Bethlem, for those who have lost their wits one hundred for the Magdalen, as sin of that kind has been your fault, and leave the sums to the disposal of our doctor: such marks of your contrition, and his prayers, may give a fresh process desirable effect.

Sir E. Thanks, Lungs, for thy advice; I doubt not it will speed, therefore the cash I will prepare—and henceforth be cautious of crack-brained beauty. [*Exit*, R.H.

Sub. (*Peeps in.*) What, is the lump of knightly flesh departed, Face?

Face. Yes, and with a heavy heart, but not quite hopeless.

Re-enter SUBTLE, L.H.S.E.

Sub. Right, thou play'st him to a hair—hark! I hear approaching steps. [*Exit Face*, R.H.] How often do the worldly

wise, happy in their imagined policy, fool away substantial possessions pursuing shadows!

Re-enter FACE, *with* MISS RANTIPOLE, R.H.

Face. There, madam, is the gentleman I presume you want.

Miss R. Well, Mr. Conjuror, as I am told you are very intimate with the stars, I am inclined for a little conversation with you; and that we may better understand one another—there are a few guineas.

Sub. Give me leave, madam, as I see the charms of your person, though with the dim eyes of age, to inquire into the beauties of your pocket; as thence perhaps we may properly estimate the violent attachment of your numerous admirers.

Miss R. What, fortune you mean? that, sir, I am not ashamed to explain, having had these twelvemonths past, by the will of my good old grandfather, twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal.

Face. Nay, madam, it is not at all wonderful that you should have an admirer for every thousand—besides being at your own disposal, the fatigue and danger of a trip to Scotland are rendered unnecessary.

Miss R. True, sir—at the age of sixteen I was a fond, foolish, credulous creature, and thought of nothing but flames, darts, constancy, and dying—if a young fellow looked but grave—heigho! I pitied him; but now, as Lady Fanny Flirtem says, if an army of lovers was before me, with pistols at their ears, daggers at their breasts, running nooses round their necks, or poison at their mouths, I could look on with the most immoveable composure, the true unfeeling, fashionable indifference.

Face. This is rather philosophical than humane.

Miss R. Humane, ha, ha, ha! and pray what have fine ladies to do with humanity?—though there is a young baronet in my train, who could occasion some flutter here, if he was a little more polished; but the teasing creature is so pettish, and so jealous, and so grave, and so wise—pray, Mr. Conjuror, could not you put him under the influence of some fashionable star?—I'll send him to see you—a little

Enter ABEL DRUGGER, R.H.

Well, master Tobacconist.

Drug. I have brought your worship a taste of right Orooноko—or, if that's too mild—

Sub. This, as a mark of thy honest regard, will do.

Drug. I wish his honour, Captain Face, had been here; I have not half the dacity to speak as when he is by.

Sub. Why not, my honest friend? a just case may always speak openly; but excuse me, reflection calls, and I must leave this world awhile.

Drug. Leave this world awhile—and yet he stands just where he did; but he's amongst the stars, and taking a thousand miles at a jump; why, these conjurers are—

Re-enter FACE, L.H. *who slaps* DRUGGER *on the shoulder.*

Oh, you frightened me.

Face. So, honest Nab, I see thou art alone—for the doctor is with his spirits, but we'll upon him. (*Apart to Drug.*)

Sub. How now! what mates, what baiards(1) have we here?

Face. I thought he would be furious—a piece of gold to soften him. (*Apart to Drug.*)

(1) Alluding to the proverb—"As *bold* as blind Baiard."—Thus Chaucer:

> "Ye bee as bold as is *Bayarde the blind*
> That blondereth forth, and peril casteth none."

Baiardo is the horse of Rinaldo, in Ariosto.

Drug. What, another? (*Apart to Face.*)

Face. Ay, ay, what mar the sheep for a halfpenny worth of tar?—come, I'll give it the doctor.—(*Apart to Drug.*)—Now thy business.

Drug. About a sign, sir.

Face. Aye, a good, lucky, thriving sign, doctor.

Sub. I have been thinking for his service—I will have none that's stale or common. A townsman born in Taurus gives the bull, or the bull's head—in Aries, the ram—both poor devices; no, let me form his name into some mystic character, whose radii, striking the senses of each passer by, shall with a virtual influence breed affections which may result upon the party that owns it.

Face. Mark that, Nab.

Sub. He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

Drug. Abel.

Sub. And by it standing one, whose name is Dee, in a rug gown.

Drug. A rug gown.

Sub. D and rug, you know, make Drug.

Face. Excellent.

Sub. And right against him, a dog snarling err.

Drug. Err, Abel Drugger—he, he, he! why, that's my name.

Sub. These emblems, thus conjoined, form a lucky sign with mystery and hieroglyphic.

Face. Why, Abel, thou art made.

Drug. I do humbly thank his worship.

Face. Six more such legs will not do it; thy word is passed to bring a piece of damask.

Drug. Yes, sir—but I have another thing I would impart.

Sub. Out with it, friend.

Drug. There visits near me a rich young widow.

Face. A bona roba.

Drug. Ay, rona boba, but nineteen at the most.

Sub. She whom thou mentionest is now in my study, casting a figure—I know her to be the same—tall.

Drug. Yes, an like your worship, she makes a parfit mushroom of me.

Sub. Chesnut hair—leering eye.

Drug. Very leering eye—your worship has her to a T.

[illegible] worthy fortune's smiles—I'll send the [illegible]

[*Exit*, L.H.

[illegible] and keep the doctor warm in thy inter-[illegible]

[*Exit*, L.H.

[illegible] what these conjurations will cost me—[illegible] my ring, a pound of tobacco, then a [illegible] suit of damask, and wedding charges [illegible] altogether can't come to less than—[illegible] a charming figure to stand behind a [illegible] she'd sell twice as much as me; my [illegible] of gallants.

Enter TROCKSY, L.H.

Trock. [illegible] Mr. Tobacconist, your servant.

Drug. How [illegible] her mouth opens, as if her lips were [illegible] as if they were glad to [illegible]

(*Aside.*)

Trock. The charming creature is wrapped up in medita-[illegible] that wise set of features be engaged upon!

(*Aside.*)

Drug. How softly spoken! one to my mind exactly—my head won't bear much noise.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, who would [illegible] thought to have seen you here? but they say mountains [illegible]

Trock. Yes, sir, things little expected will happen—I ne-[illegible] thought of losing my dear husband so soon, he was the [illegible] best creature—

Drug. D[illegible] don't cry; for I am so tender hearted, I [illegible] any body cry but I must cry too.

Trock. I shall esteem you the more.

Drug. Esteem—now you talk that way, have you thought any more about our wedding?

Trick. Good sir, 'tis not for me to think in such a case; I must obey my fate, what the stars say—

Drug. Why I never knew the stars said any thing.

Trick. Oh, but they denote most certainly—if we come together, 'tis they must do it.

Drug. Say you so? then I'll go in and ask the doctor how and about it—he'll tell me any thing in the stars, or in the sun, or moon, or any where else.

Trick. He is indeed a wonderful man, and a most valuable friend.

Drug. Well, I'll go—now have I a good mind to ask a kiss—but I can't reach, and mayhap she may be ashamed to stoop before marriage—so I'll stay a bit.

[*Aside, and exit,* L.H.

Trick. So there he goes—ha, ha, ha! a few minutes more, and my face would have betrayed me; gravity must soon have given way.

Head. (*Within,* R.H.) Hollo, doctor—master alchymist!

Trick. My fighting swain, as I live; a little mal-apropos, but we must make the best on't.

Enter HEADLONG, R.H.

Head. How now, my buxom widow here? that's more than I thought for—tip us thy hand—I came to tell this here doctor what a rare scholar I am; I can almost quarrel with any body now—when he has made me perfect in the cross-buttock and brain blow, I shall not fear the best he that stands in shoe of leather.

Trick. Excellent; I love a man of spirit.

Head. Spirit to the back-bone; I never die dunghill—always game—I had a damned fine tussle in the Park just now.

Trick. Was it high fun?

Head. Rare rig! It would have made you burst your sides with laughing; you shall hear the whole affair.

Trick. Pray do; I love a bit of mischief vastly.

Head. Why, you must know, my girl of fire, as I was *coming* at a good spanking rate, from St. James's cocky *what should* I meet, in the flagged passage of Spring-

—into the Park we went—a ring was made, and as pretty a set-to we had, for about five minutes, as any one would wish to see; till giving him a plump of the jaw, which broke two of his grinders, he sickened, so gave up: then we shook hands and made friends.

Trick. Droll and pleasant to the last degree; ha, ha, ha!

Head. Oh! but I should have told you a merry affair that happened yesterday. After knocking off six bottles of Madeira, hand to fist—Lord Graceless—a damned honest fellow, and myself, matched our nags from Windsor to London, the peer laying sixty guineas to forty:—well, off we set, and maintained a devilish deep rate till we came to Turnham-green, where the sport began; as we were tugging for the lead, whip and spur, I bolted a blind beggar into the ditch; in less than ten seconds his lordship flew over an old woman, riding upon an ass between two milk-pails; such a scene, ha, ha, ha! would have made Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the crying philosopher, himself laugh; here lay the peer's horse with his neck broke, there the old woman groaning, yonder the ass kicking, and his lordship sprawling through the milky-way, like a wounded frog in a duck-pond.

Trick. Inimitable, ha, ha, ha! why this is higher life than your battle—besides, you won the wager.

Head. Yes, yes, widow, I touched the spankers, the yellow boys, and intend to lay 'em out in a present for you. When we are married, if any man does but squint at you, *I'll plump and rib him.*

Re-enter SUBTLE, FACE, *and* ABEL DRUGGER, L.H.

Mr. Doctor, I have been telling my widow here of the prettiest bruising-match—

Face. Mind that, Nab—speak to him—I'll second you. (*Apart to Drugger.*)

Drug. Will you? then I'll do't.—(*Apart to Face.*)—Your widow?—mayhap not.

Head. Mayhap ay—and if I hear any more of your haps, lookye, d'ye see, I'll give you a douce o'th' chaps, mind that.

Drug. And if you do, you may get as good as you bring, for all your fighting face.

Trick. Nay, good gentlemen, don't fight on my account; —I'll please you both, if I can.

Head. You—no, no, little buxom, only a few knocks for love, to see who's the best man, that's all—will you strip?

Drug. As soon as yourself.

Head. Now then come on, little tickle-pitcher.

Drug. I am at thee, bully bluff. [*Fights him off,* R.H.

Face. Bravely done, my Hector of Troy, thou art victorious as Alexander, and shalt be crowned with tobacco instead of laurel; take thy fair widow, retire and compose thyself.

Drug. Master captain, I can feeze(1) tightly, when I see occasion. [*Exit with Tricksy, and Face,* L.H.

Enter KNOWLIFE, R.H. *with Constables.*

Know. Come, walk in gentlemen, we'll clear this nest of hornets.

Re-enter FACE, L.H.

Face. How, my master returned! cursed chance! then we are all undone—not a loophole to escape. (*Aside.*)

Know. Hey-day! what, my faithful Jeremy metamorphosed into an officercial appearance?

(1) *Feise,* means to beat, to chastise, to humble.

Re-enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON, R.H.

Sir E. A feather-headed puppy had like to run me over, and was within a hair's breadth of tumbling me neck and heels down the whole flight of stairs—but here it is, my alchymist, here are the means of reparation; one hundred pounds for Bethlem, as much for the Magdalen, besides fifty to purchase fresh amalgama.

Know. What puffed-up bladder of folly have we here?

Sir E. I am a knight, and my alchymist there is to make me a knight of gold.

Know. Leave my house.

Sir E. Your house?

Know. Yes, mine, sir—no big looks, or I shall convince you of the property in a very disagreeable manner.

Sir E. Oons, if this be the case, I'll never trust the stars again, and every man that speaks a hard word, in my mind shall be a cheat—where's Mexico?—where's Peru?

[*Exit*, R.H.

Know. Now, culprits, what defence can you make?

Face. To be short, sir, having a mind above servitude, and talents to try a push in life, I was resolved to make the most of your absence; the prospect was very fair, but the fabric of my hopes, like a house of cards, is levelled by a single puff: however, having little to risk, I have only lost expectation; and having been guilty of no breach of trust respecting you, imagine myself tolerably safe from prosecution.

Know. Mighty well, evasive sir.

Sub. As for me, sir, at whom you look with an inquisitive eye, being as low as the blind goddess could lay me, I was ready to snatch at any means of amending painful circumstances — you will say, why turn impostor? — Look through the various classes of life, and you will see how many who hold high heads, with fair outsides, pursue worse practices;—you may style me a knave, but since I have taken care not to be a poor one, I shall draw that respect and safety from well-lined pockets, which pennyless, shamefaced honesty could never have obtained.

Re-enter ABEL DRUGGER *and* TRICKSY, L.H.

Drug. Master captain, and master doctor, I have settled the whole affair—the widow here loves me like any thing.

Know. What unfeather'd cuckoo art thou?

Drug. Cuckoo in your teeth; I gave one a trimming just now; and if you jaw much, mayhap you may come in for your share—nay, you need not squint so at this lady; she is a rich widow, and is to be my wife.

Know. A rich widow! ha, ha, ha! thou art too contemptible for serious resentment, therefose I vouchsafe to tell thee this lady is my chambermaid, that captain my butler, and your grave alchymist there, a cheat, picked up I know not where. As to these three, I'll secure them for justice sake, and leave you to find the same way out that you came in.

[*Exeunt all but Drugger*, R.H.

Drug. The widow his chambermaid, the captain his butler, and our wise alchymist a cheat—a pretty kettle of fish I have made of it—but escaping the marriage noose is some comfort however.

Well, left thus alone, I'll return to my shop,
And all future hopes from extrology drop;
Henceforth I shall think it a pitiful trade;
My head surely for conjuring never was made;
But if I could conjure—a very good cause
Should work my first spell—it should catch—your ap
plause.

Finis.

Oxberry and Co. Printers, White Hart

N°. LXX.

OXBERRY'S

NEW

English Drama.

THE TOBACCONIST,

A FARCE;

BY

Francis Gentleman.

BOSTON:

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THE TOBACCONIST;

A FARCE;

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON,

By Francis Gentleman.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

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1823.

Remarks.

THE TOBACCONIST.

THIS farce is an alteration of Ben Jonson's Alchymist; but it bears about as close a resemblance to that beautiful play as a dry and withered stick does to the oak from which it was originally cut. The relationship in either case cannot be denied, though all the exterior signs of it have been utterly annihilated.—"Quantum mutatus ab illo."

The alterations have been made with very little regard either to the language or character of the original. There may be some excuse for translating Ben Jonson's ancient verse into the prose of modern times, inasmuch as prose is the peculiar language of farce, and if a fine comedy must of necessity be cut down into an after-piece, such a change was requisite—but what apology is there for the additions not being in the style of the old play. The patch-work is incongruous and monstrous, and is moreover as little in keeping with the characters as with the phraseology of the original. The injury that has been done to Ben Jonson's masterpiece can only be understood by a comparison of the two works; all the nicer traits of character, the admirable gradations of the plot, have utterly evaporated in the alembic of the modern, and left only a dull residium—coarse, tasteless, and valueless.

The character of Abel Drugger, which is here made the

principal feature of the piece, is with Ben Jonson nothing more than a shadow, that throws out more distinctly the figures of Face and Subtle, and in proportion as he is brought forward, the others suffer in interest and reality. The very design of the play is turned topsy-turvy; it is as if life should begin with old age, and end with childhood. The object of the old poet was to mock the prejudices of his age, while the purpose of the modern author is only to raise laughter by any extravagance, however foreign to the purpose. This is the reason why many of our inferior actors, find it much more easy to fill up the light sketches of modern ingenuity, than to embody the more perfect creations of the older times.

However fanciful the three principal characters may appear, Ben Jonson evidently drew them from real life. Subtle was most probably intended for Dee, the friend of the celebrated Kelly, the most impudent of all impostors. This latter was born at Worcester, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and he accompanied Dee in his travels abroad, to Germany; where, for a time, they deceived the Emperor Rodolph. Dee fled in time to escape punishment, while Kelly, more impudent, or less cunning, remained behind till the bubble burst, and the Emperor found out the fraud; the Alchymist was thrown into prison, whence he endeavoured to escape, but broke his leg in the attempt, and died a wretched death in consequence. Doll has some traits in common with a young Pole named Laski, who was the friend and partner of their exploits, and who, indeed, played a conspicuous part in all their mummeries.

Abel Drugger is a character of a more general cast; with a few variations, and those chiefly of outward costume, his prototype might be found in the present day. The ob-

ject of pursuit would perhaps be different, but the mind would be essentially the same. It would have been better for the general fame of Jonson if he had many such portraits from real life, but he was at all times, more the painter of habits than of men, of follies than of passions.

Francis Gentleman was born in York-street, Dublin, the 23d of October, 1728, and received his education in that city, where he was schoolfellow with the late Mr. Mossop, the tragedian. At the age of fifteen, he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the same regiment wherein his father was major; but making an exchange to a new-raised company, he was dismissed the service by his regiment being reduced at the conclusion of the war in 1748. On this event he indulged his inclination for the stage, and accordingly appeared at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in the character of Aboan, in the play of Oroonoko. Notwithstanding an unconsequential figure and uncommon timidity, he says, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations: but having some property, and hearing that a legacy had been left him by a relation, he determined to come to London, where, it appears, he dissipated the little fortune he possessed. He was then engaged to perform at the theatre in Bath, and remained there some time. From thence he went to Edinburgh, and afterwards belonged to several companies of actors, at Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and other places. Growing tired of a public life, he settled at Malton, a market-town about twenty miles from York, where he married, and had some expectation of being provided for by the Marquis of Granby, to whom he was recommended by a gentleman who had known his father. With this hope he removed to London; but soon had the mortification to find all his prospects clouded by the sudden death of his patron. In 1770 he

defender of government, a sycophant to managers, or a slave to booksellers, can do any thing more than crawl."

He is author of—*Sejanus*, T. 8vo. 1751.—*Oroonoko*, T. Altered. 12mo. 1760.—*The Stratford Jubilee*, C. 8vo. 1769.—*The Sultan; or, Love and Fame*, T. 8vo. 1770.—*The Tobacconist*, C. 8vo. 1771.—*Cupid's Revenge*, Past. 8vo. 1772.—*The Pantheonites*, D. E. 8vo. 1773.—*The Modish Wife*, C. 8vo. 1774.

He is also author of the following pieces, none of which have been published:—*Osman*, T. [About 1751.]—*Zaphira*, T. 1754.—*Richard II.* T. Altered. 1754.—*The Mentalist*, D. S. 1759.—*The Fairy Court*, Int. 1760.—*The Coxcombs*, F. 1771.—*Orpheus and Eurydice*, Ser. Op. 1783.

Prologue;

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GENTLEMAN.

BEN JONSON's name, in ev'ry ear of taste,
Must with respect and countenance be grac'd;
No pen the lines of nature better drew,
No wit or satire ever higher flew;
An early pillar of the English stage,
His pieces were true pictures of the age;
Time-worn they feel impair—yet still must please;
Nervous and just, though void of modern ease.
Fashions, in characters as well as clothes,
Change, though less oft, as wav'ring fancy flows;
Witches and fairies with their midnight train,
No longer revel on the blasted plain;
Now ev'ry simpleton of Britain's isle,
At such a fraud as alchymy would smile;
Yet being only chang'd in name and shapes,
Scarce one in ten the gilded bait escapes.
Haste to the hall where law is sold like ware,
How many long-rob'd alchymists ply there;
What hopes to gudgeon clients they unfold,
While empty quibbles turn to solid gold;
See swarming quacks! (so public folly wills)
Convert to gold their health-destroying pills;
Change-alley view—that scene of transmutation,
That base alchymic bubble of the nation;

My weak endeavours let your candour raise,
They hope indulgence, though they reach not praise.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is nearly one hour and a quarter,

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Stage Directions.

By R.H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L.H. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand.
S.E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Second Entrance.
U.E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Middle Door.
D.F. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Door in Flat.
R.H.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand Door.

Costume.

ABEL DRUGGER.

A brown jacket and drab breeches, brown stockings, and green apron.

SUBTLE.

Black gown, velvet cap, belt, beard, &c.

FACE.

First dress—Grey jacket, breeches and stockings.—Second dress.—Captain's uniform.

SIR E. MAMMON.

Rich old man's dress.

KNOWLIFE.

Fashionable riding dress.

HEADLONG.

Fashionable riding dress.

DOLL TRICKSEY.

Coloured linen Opera gown, red stuff petticoat, white apron, and mob cap with red ribbon.

MISS RANTIPOLE.

Morning dress.

Persons Represented.

	Hay-market.	*Drury Lane.*
Abel Drugger - - - -	Mr. Weston.	Mr. Kean.
Subtle - - - - - - -	Mr. Gardner.	Mr. Gattie.
Face - - - - - - - -	Mr. Robson.	Mr. Wallack.
Sir Epicure Mammon -	Mr. Gentleman.	Mr. Hughes.
Knowlife - - - - - -	Mr. Fearon.	Mr. Barnard.
Headlong - - - - - -	Mr. Vandemere.	Mr. Oxberry.
Mrs Rantipole - - - -	Mrs. Didier.	Miss Boyce.
Doll Tricksey - - - -	Mrs. Gardner.	Miss Harlowe.

THE TOBACCONIST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter SUBTLE, *followed by* FACE, L.H.

Sub. Nay, nay, though thy name be Face, and thou hadst a face of brass, thou shalt not outface me.

Face. Then must I be unable to handle a most excellent subject; though shame and thee have long since parted, I will so anatomize that calf's head of thine.

Sub. Calf's head! Blood of my life, I have a mind to mark my resentment in such legible characters upon that Tyburn visage of thine, as will put thy features in mourning.

Face. Come on then, see whose stomach will bear bruising best; I'll tickle those pampered sides.

Sub. A poor, ignorant, impertinent, ungrateful wretch; whose life, to my disgrace be it spoken, I have saved—vile emblem of an empty cask, much sound, no contents—canst thou forget the mouldy crusts, Suffolk cheese, and

slave that ever marred common sense, sharpened thy wit, smoothed thy tongue, polished thy manners, regulated thy features, to make thee capable of thriving in life, and this treatment my hopeful recompense?

Face. Not so fast, not so fast, master Glibtongue; give echo fair play, or I can bring a powerful balance on my side, to silence your modest worship.

Sub. With contempt I defy thee.

Face. My tongue shall so buffet thee, that thou shalt think half Billingsgate, the seat of thy education, let loose about thy ears, and shrink back that knave's face of thine like a snail into its shell.

Sub. Mighty fine!

Face. Remember St. Giles's, scape-grace, where I found thee a complete emblem of poverty, resembling the fruit of a gibbet seven years exposed to wind and weather, not a coat to thy back, a stocking to thy legs, nor a shoe to thy feet.

Sub. Very well; go on, sir.

Face. Did I not find thee, tatterdemalion, with

a beard two inches long, not having wherewithal to pay a penny barber; furrowed brows, sunk eyes, and chattering teeth, crawling by the doors of cook-shops, to feed upon the steam of baked ox-heads and shins of beef?

Sub. Tremble, audacious villain, at thy insolence—fear my rage.

Face. Did I not put thee into some liking, snatch thee from Jane Shore's fate, and when thou hadst not as much linen about thee as would furnish a tinder-box, did I not, like a guardian genius, bring thee to this house?

Sub. Yes, thy master's house; which, like a hungry mastiff, thou wast left to guard, and for a single bone, would have let in any thief.

Face. Did I not enable thee to carry on the deceptions of alchymy, fortune-telling, and algebra; your minerals, your vegetals, and animals, to fleece the credulous vulgar? have not I provided you with conjurer's robes, stills, glasses, furnaces, coals, and all other materials, to carry on thy profitable farce? Answer me, knave, have I not done all this?

Sub. And answer me, miscreant, hast thou not thy share of the plunder? Sirrah, thou art as craving and unthankful as a bumbailiff.

Face. And thou, poltroon, as tricking as a Jewish stockbroker, or an Old Bailey solicitor.

Enter TRICKSEY, L.H.

Trick. How now, my masters? (*In centre.*) What tantarums are these, I trow? Why ye

that varlet has his share.

Sub. Content, so thou art cropped or hanged first.

Trick. Hey-day, hey-day, if you are for that sport, have among ye; I must raise my voice too, then look to it; why, you couple of paltry, petulant knaves, can't we comfortably share gains, and be quiet?

Face. Why it is all his fault, Doll.

Sub. I deny it.

Trick. 'Tis both your faults, you tinder-tempered knaves; you sputter at one another, and yet have as little courage as honesty; I know your high words and big looks; you spend your lungs to bawl, and strain your limbs to stride, without any meaning.

Sub. Take breath, Doll—take breath.

Trick. Take breath! Ads my life, shake hands, live peaceably, and cheat industriously, or tremble at my vengeance; I'll expose ye—get a genteel reward for apprehending such notorious rogues.

Sub. Nay but, dear Doll—Doll, the soft—Doll, the gentle.

Trick. No wheedling, Mr. Morose, but swear.

Sub. What wouldst thou have me to swear?

Trick. To leave idle disputation and high words for industry in promoting our common cause; this will best become you.

Sub. By my hopes, I meant no other; what I said was only to spur him up a little.

Trick. Come, come, no more; we want no whipping nor spurring; take hands—no frowns, but cordiality; I proclaim a peace.

Sub. Which for thy sake, fair mediatrix, I will keep religiously.

Face. And I.

Trick. I'll have no Frenchified professions, fair faces, with designing hearts—for my sake! keep the compact for your own.

Face. Wench of spirit, we will; and, as a reward for thy pains, thou shalt be lady Face, or lady Subtle.

Trick. Marry, come up, I trow—a wonderful catch—suppose I should be neither, but of that hereafter—is it not near the hour when that prince of simplicity, my sweet swain, the tobacconist, is to be here?

Sub. It is. Face, be thou in the way, to meet and conduct him to an audience.

Face. Fear not; I'll play the gudgeon with an angler's skill. [*Exit*, R.H.

Sub. Why, Doll, thou hast almost as many admirers as Helen.

Trick. Admirers! if the frames were not gilded, the pictures would be intolerable; as for instance—Abel Drugger, whose formality of

ror's show-cloth, to draw in the gaping crowd; most of the sheep are penned by thee, and we fleece them.

Trick. Yes, that you do pretty handsomely—but of all my numerous gallants, I am most troubled with Headlong, the betting, boxing blade; and often fancy I stand in danger of feeling personally, by way of joke, the dexterity of his fists.

Sub. Hush! I hear somebody coming—retire till occasion demands thy presence; and above all, remember the feigned madness I have taught thee for thy next interview with Sir Epicure—much depends on that.

Trick. Fear not—he shall think me fresh slipped from the region of Moorfields. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sub. Now for suitable importance of look, and essential obscurity of phrase; by which the prudent are sometimes, and the foolish are always taken in.

Re-enter FACE, *with* ABEL DRUGGER, R.H.

Face. There he is—the wonder of the world

—past, present, and to come, are as familiar to him as thou art with thy own face; there's not a fixed planet, nor even a wandering star, beyond his knowledge. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Mayhap so—then he must have a power of acquaintances—I should not remember half of them. (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. You!—comparisons are—but mum—he turns upon us. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Sub. So, friend, thy name is Abel Drugger.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And thou art a vender of tobacco.

Drug. True, sir.

Sub. Free of the grocers.

Drug. Ay, an it please you.

Sub. Thou art lucky—a good star reigned at thy birth.

Face. Mind that, little Nab. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. I hope it was a north star—they say that's luckiest now.

Sub. Thou hast an illustrious set of features.

Drug. Yes, very lustrous—mother used to call me her bright baby Abel.

Sub. Well—now for business—what wouldst thou have with me?

Drug. This, an please your wise worship—I am a young beginner, and am building a new shop, if it likes your reverence—it is just at the corner of a street—here's the plot on't; and I would know, by art, sir, of your venerableship, which way I should make my door by necromancy, and where to place my boxes, where my shelves, and where my pots—I should be glad to

(*Apart, to Drug.*) Doctor, this is my friend; his name is Abel—a very honest fellow.

Drug. Yes, very honest.

Face. And no goldsmith.(3)

Drug. No, no goldsmith.

Sub. And, as I have already hinted, very fortunate—at which allow me to rejoice—soft—metaposcopy informs me that your chesnut, or olive-coloured hair,does never fail; besides, your long ears promise extremely well—you were born on a Wednesday.

Drug. Good now—by my truly, and so I was.

Face. Is not this astonishing? (*Apart, to Abel.*)

Sub. The thumb in chiromancy we give to Venus, the fore finger to Jove, the midst to Saturn, the ring to Sol, the least to Mercury.

(*While Subtle is examining Drugger's fingers, he steals off a ring.*)

(1) Recommended.

(2) Subtle plays upon the word *angel*, which he takes for a coin, and poor Abel for an attendant spirit.

(3) Goldsmiths formerly were not only bankers, but brokers and *money lenders*. Abel was a good "honest fellow," but no usurer.

Drug. Nay, an you give them all away, I shall have none for myself.

Face. Is not this strange? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Yes, truly, very strange.

(*Missing his ring.*)

Sub. Now for attention—this is thy house.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And these are your two sides.

Drug. So they are indeed, sir.

Sub. Mark me then—make your door here in the south, your broad-side west, and to the east side of your shop write in fair golden letters these words, Mathlai, tarmael, baraborat.

Drug. Matlay, turnmill, boreabrat—what may that be in English, an it like your wise worship?

Face. Mum there; plain English would ruin all. (*Aside to Sub.*)

Sub. Upon the north side inscribe Thael, velil, thiel.

Drug. Rael, velil, thiel.

Sub. Those are the names of such mercurial spirits as fright flies from boxes, cobwebs from shelves, and vermin from thy cupboards.

Drug. I pray you, sir, write down these charms, for I have but a sieve-like memory—all runs through.

Sub. Fear not; I'll strengthen thy recollection, and give thee, for I like thy countenance, such other assistance as will make thee stand a fair chance to possess that source of boundless riches, the philosopher's stone.

closer, ask him absolutely particular circumstance that happened some time since—see if he can tell. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. I'll do't. (*Apart, to Face.*) With your worship's good favour, I would ask what happened to me last Martinmass-day was twelvemonth, at night?

Sub. I see thou doubt'st my skill—but I'll indulge thee. Aries, Taurus, Virgo, Sagittarius, Capricornus, whisper in my ear the event I am questioned upon.

Drug. Are all these brother conjurers he's talking to? (*Apart, to Face.*)

Sub. Thou never wast at a tavern in thy life but on the evening thou hast mentioned.

Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.

Sub. There you were so sick—

Drug. What, can you tell that too?—Ay, we had been out shooting water-wagtails, and I had gotten a rare stomach—so eating a piece of fat ram mutton for supper, it lay heavy on my stomach, and my head did so ache,—

Face. And Nab having no head——

Drug. No, no head.

Sub. You were obliged to be carried home, where a good old woman——

Drug. Yes, faith, she cured me with sodden

ale, and pellitory o'th' wall—it cost me but two-pence.

Face. Wonderful cheap.

Drug. But I had another sickness, worse than the ram mutton.

Sub. That too I know; it was grief at being sessed eighteen pence for the water-works.

Drug. As I am a true man, and so it was—ay, it had like to have cost me my life—'twas done in perfect spite.

Sub. Nay, thy very hair fell off.

Drug. Ay, and it has never curled since.—Every syllable true, as I stand here, captain Face—I'll give him a crown. (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. What? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Yes, I'll give him a crown.

(*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. A crown! I blush to think of it: what, after consulting so many stars, and obtaining such marks of good fortune, put the doctor off with a less fee than you must give for a petty-fogging lawyer's letter—oh! shame, shame! what gold hast thou about thee? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. A two guinea piece, which was left me by my grandmother; and I would fain leave it to my grandchild. (*Apart, to Face.*)

Face. Pshaw, pshaw—give it to the doctor—nay, pause not, man—and the next visit make it ten—is it not a cheap purchase of ten times ten millions?—Mind that, Nab. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

Drug. Well, friend captain, since you desire it—but sha'n't I ask him for any change?

(*Apart, to Face.*)

and cross out my ill days; that I may neither buy nor sell, nor trust upon them.

Face. I promise this shall be done against the afternoon.

Sub. It shall—moreover, I will mark out a disposition of thy shelves, devise a sign, with other matters that may serve thee.

Face. Rejoice, Nab, thou art in high favour with the doctor.

Drug. I humbly thank your grace, and if your reverence comes near Pye-corner, you shall be welcome to some of my best Oroonoko, Virginia, long-cut, short-cut, saffron, shag, or—your conjurership's most humble servant. [*Exit* R.H.

Face. Ha, ha, ha! thus grist flows into our mill—what think you of this tame pigeon?

Sub. An excellent subject for imposition, and quite ripe for plucking; the stock is indebted to thee for bringing him to hand—at his next visit, Doll shall ply him on another side, in the character of a rich widow—I must in and prepare

(1) In the ancient almanacks, the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

myself for Sir Epicure Mammon; do thou slip on the laboratory disguise, and watch bis coming to the door. [*Exeunt, Sub.* L.H. *Face,* R.H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON, R.H. *meeting* FACE, L.H. *dressed as a servant.*

Sir E. Well, my Zephyrus, do we succeed? Is our day come? Blushes the bolt's head?(1)

Face. Even with a virgin glow.

Sir E. Excellent; Now then, Lungs,(2) all my care must be where to get stuff enough for transmutation.

Face. Your worship must buy the metal covering from the roofs of churches.

Sir E. Thou say'st well; and instead thereof place thatch; thatch will sit lighter on their rafters. Well, after this day, all that art can

(1) A long, strait-necked glass vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure.

(2) Lungs was a term of art, for the under operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire.

Face. I thank you sir; I have indeed blown hard for your worship.

Sir E. And thou shalt have reward; a ton of gold shall pay thee; the largest bell our island can afford I'll change into that glorious metal, so may'st thou ring thy noble fortune.—Where's thy master?

Face. Within, sir, at his prayers for the success of our great projection.

Sir E. Good soul, to pray so much and toil so hard for my emolument. Thou, Lungs, when I have got thee into flesh a little, shalt be my kisler aga, the keeper of my wanton nymphs, more fair than those who tripped the Cyprian grove.

Face. Hold, sir, not a profane word—for see the pious doctor comes. [*Exit*, L.H.

Enter SUBTLE, L.H.

Sir E. Good morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow—but wherefore here so soon? I fear me you are covetous, and wish possession of the stone for carnal appetite; take heed you do not throw the near hand blessing from you with ungoverned haste; I

should be sorry to see my labours, now on the point of perfection, not prosper where my honest love has placed them: as they have been meant for public good, for pious uses, and mere charity—shouldst thou pursue ought else, a curse will follow thy deceitful ways.

Sir E. I know it, venerable sir—you shall not need to fear me—I will be charity itself; there shall not be an empty stomach, or a threadbare coat in the nation; I will build churches, endow hospitals, and make lean curates plump as fat metropolitans; I will give such premiums for virtue, that vice shall be ashamed to show its face; all arts, all sciences, shall thrive beneath my smile, and every comfort of life lie open to every hand; while temperance and doing good, to me, shall be the highest luxury.

Sub. Fairly spoken, if sincerity gives value to thy words.—Ulen, (1) look well to the register, (2) and let your heat lessen by degrees to the aludels. (3)

(*Calls off to Face, within* L.H.)

Face. I shall, sir.

(1) The allusion is to Ulen Spiegal, the hero of a German jest book, which was very popular, and translated into French and English, at a very early period. His name, however, elegantly translated by our ancestors, into Howleyglass, was familiarly used by them for a witty knave, a trickster.

(2) So they call the iron plate or slider, which on being pushed forward increases the heat of the fire in small chimnies, by accelerating the current of air.

(3) Subliming pots, without bottoms, fitted into each other without luting.

Face. The ground black, sir.

Sir E. That's your crow's head.

Sub. Be not too forward, son—the process then was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, sir; the retort broke, and what was saved was put into the pellicane, and sealed with Hermes' seal. (1)

Sub. I think 'twas so; we should now have fresh amalgama; but I care not; let him e'en die.

Face. Our knight must have the other squeeze. (*Aside, to Sub.*) I would not you should let any die now, if I might counsel, sir, for luck's sake to the rest.

Sir E. Lungs, thou art right; now our harvest is at hand, why should it want the ripening?

Face. Nay, I know it, sir; I have seen the ill fortune;—what are some six ounces of fresh materials?

Sir E. What no more? a very trifle—good sir, what shall I give him? (*Apart to Subtle.*)

(1) A vessel is said to be hermetically sealed, when it is closed in such a manner, that the most subtle spirit cannot transpire. This is effected by heating the neck in the fire and then twisting it.

Sub. Some twenty pounds, or you may make it five and twenty.

Sir E. There is my purse with thirty; I shall have as many tons e're night.

Sub. Well snapped, gudgeon. (*Aside.*) This needed not, but you will have it so—now must I set the oil of luna, and the philosopher's vinegar in kemia—Ulen, go thou for the amalgama —son, your leave awhile. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sir E. Lungs, where's my lovely dame, my Cyprian queen: might I not, by thy good help, bask for a moment in the sunshine of her eye? —here's money for the pains thou tak'st to serve me. (*Gives Face money.*)

Face. I am your slave—I'll send her to your wish. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sir E. Sure every smiling planet reigned at thy birth, Sir Epicure, to mark thee out the eldest favourite of fortune:—but she comes.

Enter TRICKSEY, L.H.

Allow me, madam, to offer up my vows with rapture at the shrine of your charms.

Trick. The vows of men, Sir Epicure, are false.

Sir E. Mine fair dame, as true as alchemy, and rich as the philosopher's stone, which I am shortly to possess: suffer this ring to sparkle with added lustre upon that finger, whose delicate proportion not Phidias nor Praxiteles, were they alive again, with art sculptorian could describe.

... avaunt, ambassador of sin, and to me not—emblem of vice, I've found thee.

Sir E. Found me; I didn't know that I was lost.

Trick. Thy eyes are blind, thy tongue licentious, thy limbs disordered.

Sir E. How she stares! (*Aside.*)

Trick. Thou walking volcano, thou embodied fever, go lay thee in the winter's frozen lap and let him weep snow on thee to allay thy raging heat.

Sir E. Mad as a March hare—would I were out of the house? (*Aside.*)

Trick. Thy cousins, Etna and Vesuvius, vomit not combustibles more destructive than are winged on thy infectious breath—come, if thou hast courage, I'll lead the way from off this sky-crowned rock, and headlong plunge into yon roaring deep—thou tremblest—guilt makes a coward of thee, and thou must remain a prey to self-consuming flames; while white-winged doves wait to bear me to the fields of bliss, were such as thou can never, never, never come.

Re-enter FACE, L.H.

Face. What's the matter? How did you work er to this?

Sir E. Nay, I know not, Lungs, unless by asking a civil salute.

Face. Ah, there it is—knew you not her tender brain? once hurt by love and matchless molesty, dear good lady.

Sir E. Right Lungs; coax her, Lungs.

Trick. Nay, shepherds, cease your melting strains, they are all in vain—I have no heart to give—'twas stolen long since—what, do you alter notes and looks so soon?—worse than the raven's discord—black as the brow of night; oh, you can quickly change—but I defy you all—for at my beck ten thousand spirits wait, to whom this nether globe, with all its load of sins, would be but a sportive toy, to bandy through unbounded regions of the trackless air.

Face. It is all over, we shall never lay her now: and, if the old man should hear her, we should be all undone—hark, was not that his footstep?—Move off, Doll. (*Aside to Trick.*)

Trick. The shade of Yarico has sent a card, and would attend my rout this night—will ye join this insubstantial meeting of visitants from the other world? Man of flesh, thou art too gross; throw off mortality, and take a frisk amongst us. [*Exit*, L.H.

Sub. (*Within*, L.H.) What profane noise is here?

Nay, good dear father, there was no dishonest purpose.

Sub. Nay, tell not me, I knew it ere I saw; our great work hath stood still these ten minutes, and all our lesser works gone back—this will retard our happy views a month at least, if not— (*A loud crack and noise from* L.H.)

Sir E. Mercy on us! what dreadful noise is that?

Re-enter FACE, L.H.S.E.

Face. Oh, sir, we are all defeated, all the works are flown in fumo. [*Exit Subtle*, L.H.U.E.

Sir E. Oh, Lungs! what nothing saved?

Face. I fear nothing worth mention; yet the doctor, good soul, is gone to see—charity—charity, he says, may work a wonderful effect.

Sir E. I will do any thing—I will do all.

Face. Well, sir, for the present, suppose you bring one hundred to Bethlem, for those who have lost their wits; one hundred for the Magdalen, as sin of that kind has been your fault, and leave the sums to the disposal of our doctor: such marks of your contrition, and his

prayers, may give a fresh process desirable effect.

Sir E. Thanks, Lungs, for thy advice; I doubt not it will speed, therefore the cash I will prepare—and henceforth be cautious of crack-brained beauty. [*Exit* R.H.

Sub. (*peeps in.*) What, is the lump of knightly flesh departed, Face?

Face. Yes, and with a heavy heart, but not quite hopeless.

Re-enter SUBTLE, L.H.S.E.

Sub. Right, thou play'st him to a hair—hark! I hear approaching steps. [*Exit Face*, L.H.] How often do the worldly wise, happy in their imagined policy, fool away substantial possessions pursuing shadows!

Re-enter FACE, *with* MISS RANTIPOLE, R.H.

Face. There, madam, is the gentleman I presume you want.

Miss R. Well, Mr. Conjuror, as I am told you are very intimate with the stars, I am inclined for a little conversation with you; and that we may better understand one another—there are a few guineas.

Sub. Give me leave, madam, as I see the charms of your person, though with the dim eyes of age, to inquire into the beauties of your pocket; as thence perhaps we may properly estimate the violent attachment of your numerous admirers.

Miss R. What, fortune you mean? that, sir, I am not ashamed to explain, having had these twelvemonths past, by the will of my good old grandfather, twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal.

Face. Nay, madam, it is not at all wonderful that you should have an admirer for every thousand—besides being at your own disposal, the fatigue and danger of a trip to Scotland are rendered unnecessary.

Miss R. True, sir—at the age of sixteen I was a fond, foolish, credulous creature, and thought of nothing but flames, darts, constancy, and dying—if a young fellow looked but grave—heigho! I pitied him; but now, as Lady Fanny Flirtem says, if an army of lovers was before me, with pistols at their ears, daggers at their breasts, running nooses round their necks, or poison at their mouths, I could look on with the most immoveable composure, the true unfeeling, fashionable indifference.

Face. This is rather philosophical than humane.

Miss R. Humane, ha, ha, ha! and pray what have fine ladies to do with humanity?—though there is a young baronet in my train, who could occasion some flutter here, if he was a little more polished; but the teasing creature is so pettish, and so jealous, and so grave, and so wise—pray, Mr. Conjuror, could not you put him under the influence of some fashionable star?—I'll send him to see you—a little more taste, and lessen his gravity;—after I have had my fling,

seen all the world, heard all the pretty things that can be said, fretted a score of lovers to death, and am on the brink of becoming an old maid, perhaps I may sink into a domestic animal.—But you must excuse my abrupt departure; I have a dozen friendly pop visits to make in less than an hour, and would not miss one for the universe.

[*Exit*, R.H.

Sub. Truly, a volatile sprig of flirtation—but me thinks I hear Abel's voice.—[*Exit Face*, L.H.] —Now gravity and absence, wrap me round in thy deceptive robe.

Enter ABEL DRUGGER, R.H.

Well, master Tobacconist.

Drug. I have brought your worship a taste of right Oroonoko—or, if that's too mild—

Sub. This, as a mark of thy honest regard will do.

Drug. I wish his honour, Captain Face, had been here; I have not half the dacity to speak as when he is by.

Sub. Why not, my honest friend? a just cause may always speak openly; but excuse me, reflection calls, and I must leave this world awhile.

Drug. Leave this world awhile—and yet he stands just where he did; but he's amongst the stars, and taking a thousand miles at a jump; why, these conjurors are—

Sub. How now! what mates, what baiards(1) have we here?

Face. I thought he would be furious—a piece of gold to soften him. (*Apart to Drug.*)

Drug. What, another? (*Apart to Face.*)

Face. Ay, ay, what mar the sheep for a half-penny worth of tar?—come, I'll give it the doctor.—(*Apart to Drug.*)—Now thy business.

Drug. About a sign, sir.

Face. Aye, a good, lucky, thriving sign, doctor.

Sub. I have been thinking for his service—I will have none that's stale or common. A townsman born in Taurus gives the bull, or the bull's head—in Aries, the ram—both poor devices; no, let me form his name into some mystic character, whose radii, striking the senses of each passer by, shall with a virtual influence breed affections which may result upon the party that owns it.

(1) Alluding to the proverb—"As *bold* as blind Baiard."—Thus Chaucer:

"Ye bee as bold as is *Bayarde the blind*
That blundereth forth, and peril casteth none."

Baiardo is the horse of Rinaldo, in Ariosto.

Face. Mark that, Nab.

Sub. He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

Drug. Abel.

Sub. And by it standing one, whose name is Dee, in a rug gown.

Drug. A rug gown.

Sub. D and rug, you know, make Drug.

Face. Excellent.

Sub. And right against him, a dog snarling err.

Drug. Err, Abel Drugger—he, he, he! why, that's my name.

Sub. These emblems, thus conjoined, form a lucky sign with mystery and hieroglyphic.

Face. Why, Abel, thou art made.

Drug. I do humbly thank his worship.

Face. Six more such legs will not do it; thy word is passed to bring a piece of damask.

Drug. Yes, sir—but I have another thing I would impart.

Sub. Out with it, friend.

Drug. There visits near me a rich young widow.

Face. A bona roba.

Drug. Ay, rona boba, but nineteen at the most.

Sub. She whom thou mentionest is now in my study, casting a figure—I know her to be the same—tall.

Drug. Yes, an like your worship, she makes a parfit mushroom of me.

Sub. Chesnut hair—leering eye.

Drug. Very leering eye—your worship has her to a T.

Sub. I tell thee she is within; I'll work in thy

Face. Pshaw, hang costs, when a rich widow's in the case.—(*Apart to Drug.*)—And he will furnish you also, grave sir, with one of the richest suits of damask he can procure.

Sub. Such men are worthy fortune's smiles—I'll send the widow. [*Exit*, L.H.

Face. I'll follow, and keep the doctor warm in thy interest, little Nab. [*Exit*, L.H.

Drug. Let me see what these conjurations will cost me—a two guinea piece, my ring a pound of tobacco, then a hogshead; besides a suit of damask, and wedding charges into the bargain—why, altogether can't come to less than—oh, here she is—what a charming figure to stand behind a counter—I'll warrant she'll sell twice as much as me; my shop will be the meeting-place of gallants.

Re-enter TRICKSEY, L.H.

Trick. Oh, Mr. Tobacconist, your servant.

Drug. How softly her mouth opens, as if her lips were afraid to part; and then it shuts, as if they were glad to meet. (*Aside.*)

Trick. The charming creature is wrapped up

in meditation; what can that wise set of features be engaged upon! (*Aside.*)

Drug. How softly spoken! one to my mind exactly—my head won't bear much noise.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, who would have thought to have seen you here? but they say mountains will meet.

Trick. Yes, sir, things little expected will happen—I never thought of losing my dear husband so soon, he was the be—be—best creature—

Drug. D—d—don't cry; for I am so tender hearted, I can't see any body cry but I must cry too.

Trick. I shall esteem you the more.

Drug. Esteem—now you talk that way, have you thought any more about our wedding?

Trick. Good sir, 'tis not for me to think in such a case; I must obey my fate, what the stars say—

Drug. Why I never knew the stars said any thing.

Trick. Oh, but they denote most certainly—if we come together, 'tis they must do it.

Drug. Say you so? then I'll go in and ask the doctor how and about it—he'll tell me any thing in the stars, or in the sun, or moon, or any where else.

Trick. He is indeed a wonderful man, and a most valuable friend.

Drug. Well, I'll go—now have I a good mind to ask a kiss—but I can't reach, and mayhap she may be ashamed to stoop before marriage—so I'll stay a bit. [*Aside, and exit,* L.H.

Head. How now, my buxom widow here? that's more than I thought for—tip us thy hand—I came to tell this here doctor what a rare scholar I am; I can almost quarrel with any body now—when he has made me perfect in the cross-buttock and brain blow, I shall not fear the best he that stands in shoe of leather.

Trick. Excellent; I love a man of spirit.

Head. Spirit to the back-bone: I never die dunghill—always game—I had a damned fine tussle in the Park just now.

Trick. Was it high fun?

Head. Rare rig! It would have made you burst your sides with laughing; you shall hear the whole affair.

Trick. Pray do; I love a bit of mischief vastly.

Head. Why, you must know, my girl of fire, as I was coming at a good spanking rate, from St. James's cockpit, what should I meet, in the flagged passage of Spring-garden, but a queer sort of a half gentleman, arm under arm, with a damned, rum, waddling wife, as I afterwards found she was,

Trick. Going, I suppose, to take a matrimonial walk in the Park—vulgar creatures, antediluvian wretches!

Head. You have hit it—as I brushed by with my arms a kimbo, this elbow went plump into madam's bread-basket; she staggered; the husband put on a fighting face, and cries "What's that for?"—"What's that to you?" said I.—"It is to me," says he.—"You lie," says I.—"You are an impudent blockhead," says he.—"You are a ragamuffin," says I, "and take that,"—giving him a tip across the cheek—into the Park we went—a ring was made, and as pretty a set-to we had, for about five minutes, as any one would wish to see; till giving him a plump of the jaw, which broke two of his grinders, he sickened, so gave up: then we shook hands and made friends.

Trick. Droll and pleasant to the last degree; ha, ha, ha!

Head. Oh! but I should have told you a merry affair that happened yesterday. After knocking off six bottles of Madeira, hand to fist—Lord Graceless—a damned honest fellow, and myself, matched our nags from Windsor to London, the peer laying sixty guineas to forty:—well, off we set, and maintained a devilish deep rate till we came to Turnham-green, where the sport began; as we were tugging for the lead, whip and spur, I bolted a blind beggar into the ditch; in less than ten seconds his lordship flew over an old woman, riding upon an ass between two milk-pails; such a scene, ha, ha, ha! would have

the wager.

Head. Yes, yes, widow, I touched the spankers, the yellow boys, and intend to lay 'em out in a present for you. When we are married, if any man does but squint at you, I'll plump and rib him.

Re-enter SUBTLE, FACE, *and* ABEL DRUGGER, L.H.

Mr. Doctor, I have been telling my widow here of the prettiest bruising-match—

Face. Mind that, Nab—speak to him—I'll second you. (*Apart to Drugger.*)

Drug. Will you? then I'll do't.—(*Apart to Face.*)—Your widow?—mayhap not.

Head. Mayhap ay—and if I hear any more of your haps, lookye, d'ye see, I'll give you a douce o'th' chaps, mind that.

Drug. And if you do, you may get as good as you bring, for all your fighting face.

Trick. Nay, good gentlemen, don't fight on my account;—I'll please you both, if I can.

Head. You—no, no, little buxom, only a few knocks for love, to see who's the best man, that's all—will you strip?

Drug. As soon as yourself.

Head. Now then come on, little tickle-pitcher.

Drug. I am at thee, bully bluff.

[*Fights him off*, R.H.

Face. Bravely done, my Hector of Troy, thou art victorious as Alexander, and shalt be crowned with tobacco instead of laurel; take thy fair widow, retire and compose thyself.

Drug. Master captain, I can feeze (1) tightly, when I see occasion.

[*Exit with Tricksey, and Face*, L.H.

Enter KNOWLIFE, R.H. *with Constables.*

Know. Come, walk in gentlemen, we'll clear this nest of hornets.

Re-enter FACE, L.H.

Face. How, my master returned! cursed chance! then we are all undone—not a loophole to escape. (*Aside.*)

Know. Hey-day! what, my faithful Jeremy metamorphosed into an officercial appearance?

Face. Only an innocent frolic—if I had known your honour—

Know. Ay, ay, if you had known I was coming, you would have been better prepared, I doubt it not—why, hang-dog, what villainous work have you been making of this house during my absence?—no prevarication—I have

(1) *Feise*, means to beat, to chastise, to humble.

Sir E. A feather-headed puppy had like to run me over, and was within a hair's breadth of tumbling me neck and heels down the whole flight of stairs—but here it is, my alchymist, here are the means of reparation; one hundred pounds for Bethlem, as much for the Magdalen, besides fifty to purchase fresh amalgama.

Know. What puffed-up bladder of folly have we here?

Sir E. I am a knight, and my alchymist there is to make me a knight of gold.

Know. Leave my house.

Sir E. Your house?

Know. Yes, mine, sir—no big looks, or I shall convince you of the property in a very disagreeable manner.

Sir E. Oons, if this be the case, I'll never trust the stars again, and every man that speaks a hard word, in my mind shall be a cheat—where's Mexico?—where's Peru? [*Exit*, R.H.

Know. Now, culprits, what defence can you make?

Face. To be short, sir, having a mind above servitude, and talents to try a push in life, I was

resolved to make the most of your absence; the prospect was very fair, but the fabric of my hopes, like a house of cards, is levelled by a single puff: however, having little to risk, I have only lost expectation; and having been guilty of no breach of trust respecting you, imagine myself tolerably safe from prosecution.

Know. Mighty well, evasive sir.

Sub. As for me, sir, at whom you look with an inquisitive eye, being as low as the blind goddess could lay me, I was ready to snatch at any means of amending painful circumstances—you will say, why turn impostor?—Look through the various classes of life, and you will see how many who hold high heads, with fair outsides, pursue worse practices;—you may style me a knave, but since I have taken care not to be a poor one, I shall draw that respect and safety from well-lined pockets, which pennyless, shamefaced honesty could never have obtained.

Re-enter ABEL DRUGGER *and* TRICKSEY, L.H.

Drug. Master captain, and master doctor, I have settled the whole affair—the widow here loves me like any thing.

Know. What unfeather'd cuckoo art thou?

Drug. Cuckoo in your teeth; I gave one a trimming just now; and if you jaw much, mayhap you may come in for your share—nay, you need not squint so at this lady; she is a rich widow, and is to be my wife.

Know. A rich widow! ha, ha, ha! thou art

Drug. The widow his ch
tain his butler, and our wis
—a pretty kettle of fish I h
escaping the marriage noc
however.

Well, left thus alone, I'l
And all future hopes fro
Henceforth I shall think
My head surely for conju
But if I could conjure—
Should work my first sp
your applause.

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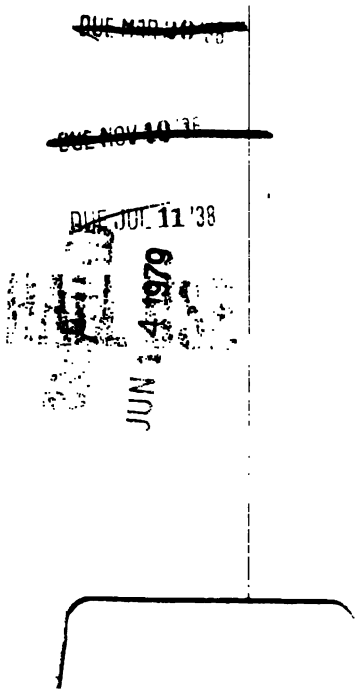
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